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## Ups and Downs

POLITICAL LIFE IN TANBARK TOWNSHIP.

BY BENJAMIN BROADBENT.

### CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH MAGREW SEEMS STUBBORN.

The petition circulated by Col. Nathan Pingloory soon had twenty-five or thirty names among them were several prominent Puller politicians, the thinkers, for the party. In addition to Pingloory, Bittersalt, Crookstake, Sphittellow and Hardhead, there was Bitterbule, Anything, Asusa, Bigbus, Smasher and Bitterwater and a host of others, all leaders who were only too anxious to put their names on the paper and stop the erection of another gate post.

A copy of the petition was given Magrew and one posted upon the post of Oscar Crookstake, that all the world might know that the leading politicians in Tanbark Township were opposed to the erection of a third gate post. It was all the talk about Stringtown.

Although Mr. Wontlisten and Mr. Bitterhalf refused to sign the petition and were silly enough to assert that it was a man saw fit to put up a gate post on his own land it was nobody's business, the opponents to the new enterprise were in the majority it seemed.

The setters, or the leaders among them, were also discussing it. Squire Pug, Mr. Slickfellow the man who kept a kind of a loan office, Mr. Crow and Austin Ape, who had the Setter gate post, all discussed the matter privately and publicly.

They pledged themselves not to support the new enterprise. If a man was so foolish as to fly right in the face of his own party and act contrary to its opinions his was not an enterprise worthy of support.

When the petition was presented to Magrew he smiled and folding it up put it in his big chest thinking it might be of some use in the future.

"Col Pingloory desires to know sir," said the man who had presented him the petition, "if in the face of this petition you will still persist in the erection and establishing of a gate post."

"I think I will," said Mr. Magrew, very coolly.

"Then your blood be upon your own head," said the man turning about and leaving Magrew's house.

That afternoon one might have noticed a great deal of hobnobbing about on the streets and cross streets of Stringtown. All along the sidewalk and in the public road, blocking up crossings, might have been seen a confused crowd of persons with great importance depicted in their looks, who were to all appearance expecting the coming of some great event. From time to time, one man would whisper to his neighbor, or a little group would whisper together, and then the whisperers would nod fiercely to each other, or give their heads a relentless shake, as if they were bent upon doing something very desperate, and were determined not to be put off, whatever happened.

All these mysterious signs and movements at last assumed a tangible form. A committee was sent to wait upon Mr. Magrew and inform him that his presence was desired that very evening at a meeting of the leading Puller politicians of Tanbark township. Mr. Magrew informed the committee that he was a staunch Stump Puller and believed that the Setters were all enemies of their country, and that he would be present. The meeting was called for half past eight o'clock, and four or five of the stubbornest stump Pullers refused to attend it, under the absurd idea, that it was nobody's business how many gate posts Magrew chose to put up.

The meeting was held in the old shed just at the side of the residence of Mr. Allsmash, and it was the assembly of the Stump Pullers which so alarmed poor Johnny Dipper, the hero of this narrative.

When all had gathered in, Magrew came in also.

"The object of this meeting," said Col. Pingloory who had been chosen chairman, "is to prevent Mr. Magrew from putting a second Stump Puller gate post. Now if you have any remarks to make we are ready to hear them."

One man asserted that Mr. Magrew would not erect the gate post when he came to consider the matter in its proper light. Another declared it would split the party right in two, and they would all go to thunder. That a man was a traitor to think of putting up a gate post contrary to the wishes of his own party.

"Why do you not buy Mr. Crookstake's gate post if you want one," asked Col. Pingloory. "I'll subscribe ten cents to help pay for it."

"He wants five hundred dollars for that gate post," said Magrew, "and I would be a fool to pay such a price for a gate post, when I can get a better one for a dollar and a half."

"But the good will," cried Col. Pingloory, "the good will of a gate post is worth something."

"The good will of that gate post is not worth five hundred dollars," said Magrew. "It has a large knot hole on one side over which bills cannot be

posted, and I have heard that the post was rotten in the center."

"Well, I'll give ten cents to the old gate post, but not one cent for a new one," said Col. Pingloory. As he made this wise and magnanimous offer he threw himself back in his chair with the air of a man who had settled a most disagreeable dispute.

"Mr. Chairman," began Zana Smasher, a thick set man with dark hair round his face. Smasher was an old wheel horse in politics and the Stump Pullers never could have pulled through without his aid. He had been in the war with the setters and staid in the rear and banded the bruised heads and wiped the bloody noses of those who got hurt for which honorable position he was elected captain of the Grand Union of Rat Catchers, a kind of honorary military organization. Mr. Smasher clasped his hands in front of him, blinched his pale blue eyes and sniffed the air a moment and then continued. "Mr. Chairman when we contemplate this grand and glorious township, the heart of the patriot swells with pride and exultation. We who in the dark days that tired men's souls, shouldered our sticks and fought the Setters face to face, love our country too dearly!" A click was heard at this moment from the window of the house of Allsmash, but no one heeded it. "I say, Mr. Chairman," cried Smasher, waving his right arm high in the air, and whipping his left under the tail of his coat in a most graceful and imposing manner. Then with a blink of his pale blue eyes, he screamed as loud as his lungs would permit. "I repeat, Mr. Chairman, 'click, click,' again from the window."

"What the d— is that," cried Hardhead, rising to his feet.

"It's nothing," said the chairman, "go on Smasher."

"Mr. Chairman, I repeat," yelled Smasher, "that when a man will go to the length of expressing his wishes of his party and erect a gate post on which his party is to split," here he made a graceful gesture with his arms and his legs to indicate what a wide split he meant. "I repeat, to erect a gate post to split the party," and the orator came together again, "that it is no more than treason, high crime and misdemeanor, and that he should be compelled to ask our pardon and promise not to put up a gate post."

During this most eloquent address, Magrew sat grinning like an idiot and not seeming to feel the effects of that awful speech. Magrew was so stubborn that he would not even get mad at what was said.

"Oh I guess they'll all get over it," he said to a man who was sitting by his side, hardly knowing whether he was for the new gate post or against it.

That singular click, click, was again heard from the window, but no one paid any attention to it. Smasher had completely exhausted both his breath and his eloquence. He puffed, blinched his pale blue eyes, sniffed the air, and wiped his face with his red handkerchief.

Then carefully and gracefully gathering up the tails of his coat while Bitterbule was expressing his views as to the punishment due Magrew in this case, Smasher took a seat near the window.

Two cold rings of iron touched the back of his head and he heard a "click, click" again. With a yell Smasher sprang to his feet and saw some long, dark thing protruding from the window.

Frenzied with horror he seized the two barrels of an old shot gun and jerked it toward him. There was a yell, a crash, and the shot gun with the gallant Johnny Dipper still holding on to the breach was jerked through the window onto the floor. The entire audience rose to their feet with yells of consternation.

When Zana Smasher discovered how near he had come to losing his life he cried:

"Murder, murder, seize the murderer, hurry him off to prison."

"Who has been murdered?" asked Magrew who was so heartless as to laugh at the poor man's distress.

"Me, me," cried Smasher. "He has been murdering me."

"How?" asked the wicked Magrew.

"He has been snapping that gun at me all evening."

"Well he might have snapped it at you until day-light without harming you in the least," said Magrew examining the gun carefully, "for it is not loaded and as both tubes are out, it could not be fired if it was."

Johnny Dipper explained that he thought they were robbers and had determined to defend his darling Clodivia at all hazards.

A suppressed titter was heard from the window and to the chagrin of Johnny Dipper there stood Miss Clodivia herself, her fat cheeks suffused with tears and a handkerchief stuffed in her mouth to prevent her merriment from escaping in an unbecomingly "haw, haw."

"Well, gentlemen," said Magrew as coolly and indifferently as if he was about to engage in the most ordinary enterprise, "is that any man has a right to put up a gate post if he so

desires on his own premises. I think you are all mistaken about it. I have no intention to split the party—much less make as wide a split as Smasher's jestures indicate. I do not intend to do anything that will weaken us, and every article I write and post on my gate post, shall be in favor of the grand old party of Stump Pullers."

"But do you set up your opinion against your leaders, the thinking men of your party?" cried Bitterbule.

"I have as good a right to think and carry out my opinion as any man."

"Treason, treason, treason, yelled a score of voices."

"Why did you take any step in this matter without consulting me?" demanded Col. Pingloory.

"Because I had the temerity to set up a gate post without consulting any body," answered the wicked Magrew. Col. Pingloory swelled with wrath and indignation. Turning about with his tall form erect, and chin high in the air he said: "Some men have no sense, and its no use to try to learn them any."

This settled the meeting. Magrew informed the chairman and his friends that his gate post was already cut in the woods, and hewed and would be brought in and set up in two days.

Johnny Dipper crawled back through the window, got his hat, and telling Miss Clodivia Allsmash he would return in a few days for his answer to a question he had asked one week ago that night, hurried away to get some court plaster put on the scratches he had on his face.

### CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH THE OPINION OF SOME OF OPPOSING PARTY IS GIVEN.

The person most interested in the matter of the erection of the new gate post was the proprietor of the former puller gate post, Mr. Oscar Crookstake. He stood by the side of his own beloved post, well posted all over with notices of constable sales, and dog-tax notices, marriage notices, advertisements of the merchants, the notices of the strays, bits of poetry written and put up, items of news, interesting sketches, and in fact it was well plastered from top to bottom, the chief of which said notices was dog-tax notices.

You see, under the law of Tanbark township, every dog, big, little, old or young, was assessed a dollar tax, or rather the owner. Well, the constable was the authorized person to collect this tax. If it was a non-resident dog which came into Tanbark township, the constable seized on him and gave notice by posting a bill on Crookstake's gate post, which was the political organ of the Stump Pullers. It might be that the owner of the dog had paid the tax and had the receipt in his pocket, but his dog was seized, advertised on the gate post, and judgement rendered by the justice of the peace, the dog ordered again to be advertised and sold. The double advertisement and all costs, nearly every time, covered the price of the dog, so no tax went into the treasury, but it made a profitable business for the proprietor of the Stump Puller gate post.

About this time dogs hair became very valuable. A Yankee living in a distant town had discovered that it was valuable for mixing with plaster, to stuff horse-collars, and renovate old butter. The price of dog hair rose two hundred per cent.

Many of these dogs which were bought in by Crookstake, were shaved and turned loose to be taxed again, or for their owner to find them entirely worthless curs, while the speculators who swarmed to the side of Crookstake in the gate post war, kept wagging off dog hair to market.

M. Crookstake had named his gate post, the Crustateer, but it certainly got the kernel, too, in the matter of dog taxes, for out of two hundred and thirteen sold for taxes in the last year, only three dollars tax had been paid, the costs absorbing all the others. In many cases the dogs failed to pay the costs, and the township treasury had to foot the bill.

When Magrew determined to establish a gate post of his own, he declared he would ventilate this matter somewhat, that it really needed ventilation. They had better never tax the dogs he said, than to do it at the expense of the township. When it required twenty-five dollars to collect three dollars tax, he thought it a rather poor speculation.

Crookstake was terribly worried about something. It was doubtless at the result of the meeting of the night before, when Magrew refused to be "bull-dozed."

He stood near the "Crustateer," his gate post, gazing down the road, when he saw Austin Ape, the philosophic proprietor of the gate post of the Setters, which was called "The Setter."

"Hello, Oscar, come down," said Mr. Ape, with a laugh.

Oscar went down, and soon joined the man against whom, politically, he had declared eternal enmity. It is singular sometimes, what warm personal friends political enemies are. Mr. Ape, however, had belonged to both parties half a dozen times in the last twenty years, and might change as many times in the twenty years to come.

Austin Ape, picked up a stick that was lying on the ground, and began to whistle, and laugh.

"Well, Oscar, you are going to have some opposition."

"Yes," said Oscar, whittling on a stick which he had picked up. Both sat down on the green grass at the roadside and began to discuss the matter.

"What do you think of it?" asked Oscar.

"It's an outrage on your party," said Ape, "and I'm afraid it will split it."

"Yes, I know it."

"Will you sell out? There will be no more money in the gate post business if he puts up one. They say he is going to ventilate the dog tax business."

"You must stand by me, Ape," said Oscar.

"You are right, I will. We must stand by each other. You see if people should hear some things we know," continued Mr. Ape, "fanning his grey head, and chewing tobacco very ravenously, 'they might set down on the leaders of both parties. He, he, he. They might think that while they seemed to be fighting each other, they were plundering the people.'"

"They must not know. It is not their business to think. We do the thinking, and they the work."

Mr. Crookstake saw Col. Pingloory coming down the street, with his head high in the air. He excused himself to his philosophic opponent, who wanted to come and read an "exergesis on the platonic theory of evolution," which he just written and pasted up on the Setter post, and joined the Colonel.

"Well, he's going to do it," said the Colonel with a bitter smile. "He's a fool."

Crookstake scratched his head and said he expected he was.

"Let's go and see the Squire and Slickfellow," said Colonel Pingloory.

Mr. Crookstake thought that, although they were Setters, in this emergency, they might be able to give some advice.

Although political foes they were personal friends. They found Mr. Slickfellow reading an article he had pulled off the Setter post, which concerned that political party in the coming campaign. He was glad to see those gentlemen, and closed his pale yellow eye-lids over his eyes, while they told their story. Slickfellow smiled, then grew sad and shaking his head, said it was a pity, it would surely divide the party.

It may seem strange that Mr. Slickfellow who belonged to the Setters, was afraid of a division in the ranks of the opposing party, which would lead to its destruction; but he was. Perhaps he had a personal interest in the matter, as he had advanced considerable sums in the speculations in dog's hair, and had reaped a profit, and perhaps personal matters ran higher than political preference.

Anyway, he thought the project of a new gate post, a bad one, and pledged himself not to patronize it.

Squire Pug came in, and being a member of the opposing party, was consulted. The Squire was a great thinker in his party, and his opinion among those who did not think was law.

"I certainly think it a very foolish enterprise," said the squire crossing his legs, resting his elbow on the arm of his chair, and his head on his hand, and gazing out of the window. "A foolish enterprise, engaged in by a man who wants to vent his spleen against some one, and I shall not patronize it."

Mr. Crow, was next consulted. They talked seriously with him, in whispers. Mr. Crow said "I want this man, and that man, in your party, nominated on your ticket, because if they are, I can use them to my advantage. Now if they erect this new gate post, new party leaders may flock around it, and it may be found out that we are working to our individual advantage, more than for the good of our parties. This, of course, will be said, although there is not a word of truth in it. We must try and break down that gate post of Magrew's," and Mr. Crow twirled his moustache, and looked wise.

Thus all the leading thinkers of the Stump Setters, of Tanbark Township, expressed themselves in opposition of the new enterprise.

### CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH THE GATE POST IS PUT UP AND THE RESULT.

The morning after the events related in our last chapter the inhabitants of Tanbark township all gathered at Stringtown without regard to party. The Ragtown road was swarming with people at early dawn, and by noon Stringtown had quite a population.

The enemies of the new gate post had so busied themselves in denouncing the enterprise that everybody at once became interested in it. Even those who denounced it were anxious to see what sort of a gate post Magrew would get up. Some said it would be a total failure, other predicted that it would break him; a first class gate post could not be made for less than two and half, or three dollars.

Then somebody had started the report that it was to be a large square post white as snow and bronzed on the top with a zinc covering to come out over the sides like eaves, to protect the bills, advertisements, notices and bits of poetry stuck upon it from getting wet by the rain.

"Good lord," said Col. Pingloory when he heard this assertion, his chin high in the air and his roan colored whiskers almost straight before him, "a gate post of that kind would cost five dollars, and Magrew has't got half the money."

"No and he can't borrow it," said

Bitterbule who was punching at a small pebble on the ground with his walking cane. "Slickfellow will not lend him a cent at any price."

Slickfellow loaned money to both parties and when the leaders of both parties expressed their wishes in a certain matter he felt himself impelled to obey.

So many had gathered on the Ragtown road and so many come from so great a distance, that even the enemies of the new enterprise were found standing under the shades of the trees, arms folded chewing fine cut tobacco and expressing various opinions on the new venture, some of whom were favorable to it.

The small boys, hoodlums, and many of the unthinking people were becoming very enthusiastic. There were shouts and cheers and songs, and cries of "hoorah for Tanbark."

About noon a wagon could have been seen coming from toward the carpenter's shop.

"There it comes now!" cried the boys who were gathered about the hole dug for the new gate post, let's go and see it."

Away they scampered as swift as their bare feet would carry them. They surrounded the wagon quite an enthusiastic crowd which, in the air, tossed their hats high, and in the air, Strange to say men even were carried off under the impulse of the moment and cheered for the new enterprise, but then they were not of the class of men who do the thinking, but rather those who cut wood, ploughed corn and hoed potatoes for a living. The townsfolk smiled and thought how easily they could win those deluded men from the new enterprise.

Ten strong pairs of arms, lifted from the wagon a great square post two feet through and fifteen feet high. It was painted white as snow had a small roof of zinc to protect the sides. Everything that art could do had been done to make this post attractive. On the top were great red, brown and gilt letters of various shades, was painted the name of the post "Snowflake." It had a hook on the left side for a paste brush and bucket to hang upon.

"Aint she a daisy?" cried one of the good citizens of Tanbark. This expression set the boys wild, and they shouted and yelled until Squire Pug mounted a wagon which stood near and said he would arrest the next boy who opened his mouth.

The cheering then became subdued, merely grunts through the nose, and the post was set. As soon as it was in the ground Mr. Magrew's wicked owner stepped forward with paste, pot and brush and posted up the following:

"Having engaged in a new enterprise and this being the first appearance of the Snowflake we deem it our duty to the public to express our opinion. The Snowflake will be a stump Puller in politics yet it will aim to treat its opponents fairly. It believes that third party in Tanbark is necessary and will have the general welfare of the township at heart before any political party. The Snowflake, belongs to no ring or clique, and will endeavor to give such a wide berth. The Snowflake thinks that every man ought to think for himself and act on his own judgement; hoping we will receive a liberal patronage from the public we are

Respectfully,

PHILIP A. MAGREW.

The last part of this salutatory seemed to strike some of the foolish men favorably. They had long been silly enough to believe that every man ought to think for himself and not follow the judgement of the leader of his party.

They hooted and cheered not knowing how ruinous to a political party free thought is. Of course we do not mean free thought in a general way. Every man is free to think in politics, but he must think just as the leaders say.

Aaron Gouge who saw a large crowd around the post remembered that he had a lot of pop corn in his store left over from last year. He wrote out a local notice saying he had oceans of pop corn fresh from the mill and ready to sell at cost. He took it over to the new post and for five cents had it posted on.

Everybody crowded round to read the first paid advertisement and there was a rush to the store for pop corn. It was all sold in ten minutes.

Petter Potts a live merchant advertised his cabbage and his store was sold out in an hour. At night Magrew who stood by his new enterprise had a smile on his face and past pot on one hand and brush in the other, and thirty-two cents cash in his pocket, all taken in one day; wicked man did he not know he was laying the foundation for a split in the party.

The leaders of both the Pullers and Setters saw this popularity of the new enterprise with some dismay. They gathered about Col. Pingloory for consolation, and as the colonel always had a surplus of that article on hand he was enabled to supply them.

"It is only the novelty of the thing which makes it take," said Col. Pingloory. "As soon as the newness has worn off they will quit patronizing Magrew's post. D—n it they shall quit. That Gate Post must be a failure, and it shall."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Says the Burlington Hawkeye: "And there abideth these three, the trade dollar, the English sparrow and the dude, and the smallest of them is Stephen. W. Dorsey"

A commercial traveler dropped off the train in a small western village, and upon getting into the "bus, was driven about three miles to the hotel."

"s this town incorporated?" he finally inquired of the hotel runner who was the only other occupant of the bus.

"No."

"Why don't you incorporate? If you did you would have a town bigger than New York."—Texas Siftings.

## THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

Explorations Along our Northern Border—not Altogether a Howling Wilderness!—Something About the Country, Its People, Growth, and Prospects.

GRAPHIC Correspondence.

BISMARCK, D. T., Sept. 8, 1882.

The eyes of the world have of late been fixed upon Dakota as one of the chief reliances of millions upon millions of that surplus population who are constantly chasing after the star of empire. The extreme fertility of soil; the infinitude of lakes, rivers, and streams that afford an abundance of the clearest and purest water—water that even exceeds in all its qualities that for which Minnesota has become renowned; belts of timber comprising hickory, oak, walnut, basswood, maple, pine and cedar, all seeming to be exactly adjusted geographically to the wants and necessities of the settlers of the boundless prairie, there would seem to be everything to induce the immigrant hither to make this his everlasting abiding place—and he is coming.

He is coming by train and by prairie schooner, and by any and every conceivable means of transportation that pioneer ingenuity can devise. He is coming in such numbers that he adds 75,000 to her population every twelve months, and from the handful of people who were here when your correspondent first visited the Territory in 1878, she can now boast of a population greater by far than either Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Nevada, Oregon, Rhode Island, Vermont or New Hampshire. That is the way a Western State grows. This population is composed of the ambitious portion of those who have met discouragement in agricultural pursuits where there was no agriculture to pursue, as in sterile New England, whose horny-handed yeomanry make up a portion of the best stock of this new country. And New York and Pennsylvania have forwarded their thousands who have been accustomed for a generation to the vicissitudes of farming upon a less fertile soil. Wheat-growing Canada pours her tens of thousands upon us, armed with the experiences and armored with the acclimation that welcomes the coldest of the northern blizzards.

What the population of Dakota will be at the time of the next census, no human being can surmise, because there is no basis for a calculation. The towns that springs up as if by magic on every hand, become populous cities ere one can make up his mind whether it were prudent to invest in the chances for its future. Everywhere the newspaper, and the bank, and the church, and the schoolhouse, and the railroad, and the telegraph, and all the indications of American civilization are being instituted, and the vast region comprising what is known as Southern Dakota presents every indication of an old settled state. The exhibits of the grain, vegetable, and other products of Dakota made by the Northern Pacific Railroad from year to year at the Chicago Exposition, form one of the most extraordinary attractions for the public eye, for there are stalks of corn thirty feet in height; wheat whose kernels are a marvel of plumpness and productivity; squashes that kick the beam at 250 pounds each; potatoes, such as no one ever saw either as to size or quality, which are yielding a thousand bushels to the acre, and so on without end as to the miraculous power of this new and virgin soil. The Territory may be said to be practically exempt from every species of malarious influence, and the percentage of mortality shows the best bill of health to be found this side of the Alps. Yet there seems to be a need of doctors, as there is a demand for lawyers and other necessary evils or non producers. Thirty of the Saw-bones hang out their signs right here in Bismarck, and if they increase as does the population, next year we shall have thirty additional. Of lawyers there are any number, but they are generally engaged in the real estate business as a side issue, and all of them are getting rich. Many of the best and shrewdest of the cloth who resided at Yankton have removed here, anticipating in these green fields and pastures new better returns and fatter fees in exchange for making the worse appear the better cause.

One of the first settlers in the vicinity of Bismarck was a clergyman of the Universalist denomination, who had retired from the pulpit, and practically from religion also. He went into the real estate business, made money so fast that he didn't know what to do with it; and now, after gathering in his shekels by the millions, he renounces again the world, the flesh, and the other fellow, and has gone to preaching again. The scripture that remarks something about a fellow's inability to serve two masters, exempts this ministerial Shylock from its operations. Lots in the principal business thoroughfare in Bismarck were held at what

might be called fabulous figures so long ago as 1879, but what would a poor devil who desired a business corner think now if he should drop in and be informed that \$800 a front foot is the lowest possible figure and the owner would rather keep it for a rise anyhow?

This is a trifle higher than a corner lot on Clark street in Chicago is held but while it doesn't prove conclusively that Bismarck is the largest city, it does prove conclusively that the real-estate mania in our newly-built Western cities develops some most unconscionable fools. What is wanted here, and I may say is the great crying demand in all the larger towns and villages in Dakota, is something approximating to a first-class hotel. Not an ornate building, with elaborate facades and flagpole pilasters, and that sort of thing, but a place where one can get something to eat. With him and potatoes for breakfast, shoulder and ditto for dinner, and bacon and more potatoes for supper, with the monotony unbroken for weeks at a time, I don't see how people can stand it, or stand up under it. Yet you are charged good beef prices at every hostelry, without seeing a morsel of sirloin, porterhouse, or round. Nor do we find the style of cooking in these hash-houses such as we find anywhere else in Christendom. It seems as if the starting of a new town involved the necessity of also inaugurating a new system of serving up victuals, and to serve them up in such a way as to see how much the human stomach would stand without a revolt. If I leave this place alive I am sure it will be with impaired health from this forced diet, in which bacon gravy is the preponderating villainy.

DOM PEDRO.

Insect Damage to Fruit.

The curculio has consigned the plum to perpetual banishment, and yet the curculio can be successfully resisted if farmers and fruit growers will act together. The negligence of a single individual allows the propagation to continue, the loss falling on all who grow plums. The same may be said of insects that prey upon other kinds of fruit. They must be fought with determination—we might say with desperation—for it will only be by unceasing and persistent warfare that they can be conquered. Not only must exterminators be employed, but physical force used also. The presence of the birds should be encouraged by providing inviting boxes for them to build in, and the removal and burning of affected or diseased limbs should be practiced as much as possible. Eternal vigilance should be the aim of all interested. Iowa Register.

Mr. John Barry, a tall, middle aged man, residing near Galena, Ill., is visiting friends in this city, says the New York Sun. He crossed the Catharine street ferry from Brooklyn yesterday and walked up to the Bowery. The corner of the Bowery a well dressed man of gentlemanly appearance stepped up to Mr. Barry and extended his hand.

"I knew at once," Mr. Barry said last evening, "that he was a confidence man, for I have been approached by several of them in Chicago."

"How do you do, Mr. Conkling?" the man said. Mr. Barry said nothing.

"You are from Detroit."

"Yes, I have been there."

"Why, don't you know me? I have met you there. Of course you are an older man than I, and I suppose you have forgotten me."

The man then told a long story of his experience in the west, asked Mr. Barry's name, and said good-bay to him. It was a younger and more seedy-looking man who ran up to Mr. Barry in Vandewater street a few minutes later and addressed him by name, with a pleasant smile and a shake of the hand.

"You used to know my father," the second man said. "Mr. Delano, of Galena."

Mr. Barry did know Mr. Delano, and had mentioned him to the man whom he had met the Bowery.

"What business are you in now?" the young man asked.

Mr. Barry looked cautiously around, and bending over, said in a hoarse whisper, "The confidence business."

The friendly young man suddenly disappeared around the nearest corner.

Somewhat Overlooked.

Jay Gould is doing the best he can to stampede the people